THE EXAMINER.

No. 97. SUNDAY, NOV. 5, 1809.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. SWIFT.

No. 95.

MINISTERIAL MANAGEMENT.

I was once in company with a pleasant old gentleman, who with the loss of his sight seemed to have gained an additional portion of cheerfulness. It was delightful to hear him talk. "My acquaintances," says he, "when I am walking abroad with them, pity me for not being able to see this landscape and that landscape, and talk of their fields and their sunshine with a great deal of compassion; but I tell them—Poh—Nonsense—*Describe* me your views and your prospects, and I shall enjoy them as truly by the force of my *fancy* as you do by the strength of your sight."—I have often recalled to my mind this blind worthy, in thinking of our illustrious Ministers, who, if they equal him in want of sight, by no means yield to him in point of imagination, though their cheerfulness is perhaps not quite so manifest. A Prussian comes over and assures them that there are the finest never-fading prospects in the world in his political horizon; they believe him implicitly, fall into raptures at the sight with their eyes shut, and even pay him most enormously for the treat, while the first man that takes the trouble of looking, finds nothing but barrenness and tempest:—an Austrian comes over with the same tale, they are again ravished, and again cheated:—a Russian arrives, and the same farce is repeated:—then comes a Swede, then a Turk, then an Austrian again, for by this time the Englishman has gained a reputation for being half-witted, and any foreigner, upon the strength of a descriptive whisper or two, may pick his pocket as often as he pleases. On a sudden, a ray of sunshine does really appear in Spain, and the Spaniard comes over to ask for a little prompt assistance against the locusts that threaten to darken it: the Ministers fall into fits of admiration as usual, and are willing to give any money, but as to the prompt assistance, there are so many things in the way, such as winds, and waves, and commissaries, that they delay it till the locusts spread over the land and intercept the last glimmering of the dayspring:—the Ministers however still admire the brilliancy of the prospect, though every body who goes out to see it comes back shaking his head: it is enough for them that they have fancied the idea once, and they cling to it for ever. At last, finding that nobody believes them with regard to Spain, they shift the eyesight of their fancy to Holland, and upon the credit of a contractor or two, discover a new prospect of splendor in the ditches and fogs of Walcheren: to this island they instantly send off thousands of their countrymen, on purpose, as it should seem, to enjoy the delights of the place:—it is in vain that these unhappy men protest they enjoy nothing; it is in vain, that they droop and sicken, and that their friends at home demand them with tears of anguish; it is in vain that ten thousand of them fill the hospitals at once, that they have nothing to do but to dig each other's graves, and that their bitter enemies are in the meantime assembling in the neighbourhood and preparing for their destruction. When all this is represented to the Minister, it only serves to strengthen his obstinacy by the irritation it gives his pride. "What!" cries he, "do they doubt my eyesight? *I say*, there is an excellent prospect before them, and nothing is too great to be sacrificed to a prospect.—*(To himself.)* Besides, if there is no prospect, as I really begin to suspect, I have said there is, and to give up my opinion would be to ruin my reputation; and to ruin my reputation would be to ruin my place; and to ruin my place, I am convinced, would be to ruin my country; so that it is absolutely necessary these few thousands should die."—So saying, he pokes his fire, and *enjoys himself with his family*.

Such have been the Ministers of this nation for years. In real statistic talent they seem to have differed very little, but in what are called Ministerial Politics, Mr. Pitt certainly excelled all his school: he knew better how to gloss over his conduct with eloquence and with a superior *carriage of mind*, that resulted rather from ambition and *a contempt of those about him*, than from conscious dignity:—the best praise that can be given to this Minister is that he died poor, a fate which his scholars take good care to avoid. But with Mr. Pitt commenced that system of fighting and doing every thing by money, that attachment to the jilt Coalition, and those hap-hazard landings in an enemy's country called Expeditions, which have contributed quite as much as the genius of Bonaparte to the exaltation of the French name. This system has been so religiously pursued by the Pittites, that it is plain they will never abandon it, unless from an exhaustion of object. For their Expeditions, they will very soon have not a single point left, but they keep them up to the last, and make widows and orphans with the same ease as they do baronets, purely for the benefit of the "high *contracting* parties:"—coalition *is* in fact exhausted, but they worship the last relic of it's rottenness in Spain:—as to money, their modes of bringing its consumption to a crisis are as fanciful as they are fatal: one part of the profits of our taxes they send to the French, *via* Spain, in the shape of muskets and clothes; with another they pay the passage of our fine soldiers to a Dutch island, in order that the said soldiers may die without troubling their relations; another they send persons to scatter in the rivers and over the precipices of Spain, providing first that said persons

should have good reason for so doing, viz. a pursuing enemy;—with another they feed, all over the kingdom, a race of placemen, who as they are begotten by the war shew a truly filial affection for their parent, and do all in their power to prolong it's precious days:—lastly, with another they fill their own pockets, and provide *separate maintenances* for their *wives*, &c. not on the usual grounds of such provision, but upon the very reasonable plea, that if any Minister can possess such supernatural powers as to be in *two* or even *three* and *four* places at once, he does as much and therefore deserves as much as so many of his relations put together. At the moment that the *income* tax-gatherer's universal knock is striking at the doors and the hearts of the people, at that moment is the money, that was last collected, in the act of being pitched over precipices and into rivers: at the moment that the industrious tradesman is toiling to make good *half* a payment, and the wife, with her averted eyes, her quivering lips, and her hands spread with a vain frankness, is making excuses and promises in a breath to the tax-gatherer, at that moment are the French picking up our stores and treasures;—at that moment are our splendid Expeditions, by some *unforeseen* obstruction, stricken with all the *poverty of a defeat*;—at that moment is a brother, a father, or a son, dying in a Dutch hospital with *hideous* fevers among thousands of his countrymen, or returned to us, as a receipt for all our taxes, a livid corpse!—Gracious Heaven! and yet we suffer the authors of this waste and this woe to sit still in their easy chairs of authority, without one word of national remonstrance, without addressing one single word to the Monarch, who the other day was hailed as the "Father of his People" and the "Best of Kings!" What! are we afraid of asking one solitary favour of the "Best of Kings?" Are we afraid of shewing our tears and our wounds to the "Father of his People," and asking him to remove the cause?—Heaven grant, that History may not have to record a set of beings still more unthinking and more unfeeling than the English Ministers, and that if it have, those beings, those strange, doting, and *devoted* beings, may not be the ENGLISH PEOPLE.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, OCT. 20.—At nine o'clock this morning the guns were fired, to announce the happy event of the signature of peace. In the evening, this important intelligence was, by order of the Count of the Empire, the Prefect of Police, officially notified at the theatres, amidst acclamations of "Long live the Emperor!"

OCT. 20.—The intelligence of the conclusion of Peace with Austria having reached Versailles on the 18th at night, the whole town was illuminated. It was announced here this morning by a discharge of 100 pieces of cannon, and last night published in all the Theatres. At the Opera House the *Triumph of Trajan* was given; and when the actress, who acted the part of *Paulina*, pronounced the verse—Romans, c'est a Cæsar qu'il faut en rendu graci (Romans, its to Cæsar that thanks ought to be returned for it), the whole house rung with peals of applause, and repeated shouts of "Long live the Emperor!"

OCT. 21.—The Court Martial at Rochefort met for the first time on board the Admiral's vessel the Ocean, on the 31st of August. The proceedings against and for the prisoners were continued on the succeeding days, to the 8th of September inclusive.

JUDGMENT.—The Court, after deliberating with closed doors, unanimously declared, that the proceedings were regularly conducted, and found by a majority of eight voices to one, that the prisoner, *Nicholas Clement de la Runciere*, was not guilty of the loss of the ship Tonnere, which he commanded in the action of the 12th of April last. They therefore acquit him.—With respect to *Jean Baptiste Lafon*, the Court, by a majority of five voices to four, found him guilty of having, in a cowardly manner, abandoned the Calcutta, in the presence of the enemy, on the 12th of April. They, therefore, adjudged him to suffer death.—With regard to *Guillaume Marcelin Proteau*, the Court unanimously acquitted him of the charge brought against him; but by a majority of five voices to four, sentenced him to three months confinement in his own chamber, for having set fire to the Indienne with too much precipitation, and without previously advising the Admiral.—As to the prisoner, *Charles Nicolas Lacaille*, the Court having taken into consideration and found by a majority of six voices to three, that he did not lose the Tourville, which he commanded; that he spontaneously returned on board, two hours after quitting her, defended her against the enemy, and brought her into port; adjudged him for having momentarily quitted the vessel, to the punishment of two years imprisonment wherever the Government thinks fit; and further to have his name struck out of the list of Marine Officers, and to be degraded from the Legion of Honour. The prisoners Proteau and Lacaille were found liable in expences of process.

On the 9th of September, at four in the afternoon, the prisoner Lafon underwent his sentence, on board the Admiral's ship the Ocean.

OCT. 23.—His Imperial Majesty has left Schoenbrunn, attended by the Dukes of Bessieres, Frioul, and Rovigo, and other Gentlemen of distinction. The Imperial Horse Guards preceded his Majesty on his journey through Upper Austria and Bavaria.

An article from Antwerp, after describing the rejoicings which had taken place in that city, on account of the conclusion of peace between Austria and France, states, under date of the 23d October, we are this moment informed, that his Imperial and Royal Majesty will arrive within a few days in our city. His Excellency the Minister of Marine is just arrived.

BAYONNE, OCT. 19.—The day before yesterday arrived in this place 200 draft horses belonging to the Imperial mews. We understand that several corps of troops will shortly pass through this town, on their march to Spain. A great number of them have already reached Angouleme. Marshal Ney (Duke of Elchingen) is shortly expected here from Spain.

STRASBURG, OCT. 18.—We received yesterday the happy tidings of the Treaty of Peace having been signed, and the following letter was published:—

'LETTER FROM HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR TO THE GENERAL OF DIVISION DESBUREAUX.

'GENERAL DESBUREAUX,

'Bring to the knowledge of the Empress, by means of the Telegraph, that Peace was signed on the 14th instant, at nine o'clock, by M. de Champagny and Prince Liechtenstein. Make this event known to your division, and to the inhabitants of my

good city of Strasburg. I pray to God that he may take you in his holy keeping. 'NAPOLEON.'

GERMANY.

VIENNA, OCT. 15.—To-morrow peace will be formally proclaimed in this capital, by order of his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon. The evacuation of the hospitals in Vienna is actively going on. The stores are conveyed towards St. Polten, and thence to the other establishments along the line of depots in the direction of Strasburg.—According to some reports which are in circulation, respecting the cessions made by Austria, that power will lose both the famous salt-pits of Reichenhall, in the principality of Saltzburg, and those of Vielicza, near Cracow, which supply her different possessions with salt.—Advices from various sources concur in stating, that the Emperor of Austria intends to proceed to Pest, where he will reside with his family, until the French troops have evacuated Vienna and Lower Austria.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

On the night of the 22d ult. Thomas Branagan, a soldier, at Bexhil barracks, was awaked by an unusual motion in his bed; to discover the cause of which he turned on his right side, and caught with his left hand a very large rat! Setting himself upright, he felt another on his left side, and caught that with his right hand, but not till the latter animal had bitten him through the thumb? In this situation, with a large rat struggling in each hand, he called to his comrades, and with their assistance, contrived to destroy them.

A lad was brought to the infirmary at Bristol on Wednesday se'nnight, with his left hand so dreadfully shattered from the bursting of a gun, that the surgeon was obliged immediately to amputate it above the wrist. He is a wire-worker, and of course will be unable in future to follow his trade. We wish this were the only misfortune we had to record; but a monster, in shape of a man, discharged a horse pistol into the bosom of a poor woman near College-street; the muzzle was so close, that the whole charge entered just above her left breast, and was driven down a considerable depth along the breast bone, and there is great reason to think has wounded her lungs.—She dropped immediately, and was carried to her lodgings in Park-square, almost lifeless; the blood flowing from her mouth and the wound in large quantities. Fortunately very prompt assistance was procured; several pellets, as large as walnuts, of chewed brown paper, were removed from the wound, and the necessary surgical aid administered. She lies in a very precarious state. Had the wound been a little higher, a large trunk of blood-vessels would have been torn, and she must have bled to death instantly.

A woman of the name of Jesson, 81 years of age, hung herself last week, in a barn near her dwelling, at Peterborough. Exreme poverty is supposed to have been the cause of the act.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER.

The new sown Wheats have had a kindly season, and planted earlier than usual; the Clover leys, in particular, have worked remarkably well for the seed. The potatoe crops in the ground have generally suffered from the continued wetness of the soil. The Turnip counties have a larger produce of feed than was expected, and from the mildness of the weather, it is still increasing. Mark-lane has had a considerable supply of new Wheats, from the high prices they command: but most of the samples hitherto seen in the market being cold, and requiring a portion of the last year's grain to be crushed with them, have considerably enhanced the price of the latter. Rape, Mustard, and most other small seeds, are low in price, and dull in sale.—Barley and Oats rise well from the flail, and both turn out a good average crop. Beans, both horse and tick, come freely to market, but the growth of the present year being soft, the dry ones of the last are much in request. Hops, though little more than half a crop, are dull of sale, from the large quantity of old pockets and bags on hand. The Hay-market has varied but little from last month's prices. Smithfield has been amply supplied with all kinds of meat, at reduced prices, particularly mutton. The latter fairs in the home counties have had large shows of Beasts, which have gone off freely at a further advance. Stock-sheep and Lambs are in considerable demand, and worth more money. Horses of the inferior sorts are cheaper, but those of shape and action continue scarce and dear. The Wool market is brisk for all sorts, particularly for the finer fleeces of the Merino and South Down kinds.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANRRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

T. Berry, Tooley-street, Southwark, taylor.—D. Cooper, Stockport, hat-manufacturer.—T. Hart, Bristol, wharfinger.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Ferguson, Burr-street, St. George in the East, mariner. Attornies, Messrs. Gregson and Dixon, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

W. Bullen, Abchurch-lane, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Field, Wood-street, Cheapside.

S. Levien, jun. Barnes, Surry, broker. Attorney, Mr. Jacobs, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.

T. Roberts, Garden-row, St. George's-fields, baker. Attorney, Mr. Fowler, Basing-lane.

P. Warwick, Fleet street, taylor. Attorney, Mr. Hodgson, Clement's-inn.

C. S. Milward, Bromley, Middlesex, miller. Attorney, Mr. Druce, Bilitter-square.

R. Main, Greenwich, floor-cloth manufacturer. Attorney, Mr. Pearson, Elm-court, Temple.

G. Hoffendon and T. Newcomb, Basinghall-street, warehousemen. Attorney, Mr. Mason, St. Michael's-church-yard.

J. J. Brown, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, glass-grinder. Attorney, Mr. Kirton, Mansell-street, Goodman's fields.

W. Gedge, Leicester-square, linnen-draper. Attorney, Mr. Mason, St. Michael's-church-yard.

G. Billet, City-road, medicine-maker. Attorney, Mr. Cokayne, Lyons Inn.

W. Rye, Oxford-street, linen draper. Attorney, Mr. Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.

CERTIFICATES—Nov. 21.

G. Simonds, Coppice-row, Clerkenwell, baker.—C. Stuart, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, apothecary.—J. Leedham, Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper.—C. Ginder, Blackburn, Lancaster, linen-draper.—E. Markham, Honey-lane-market, butcher.—T. Dixon, Bath, chinaman.—R. Forster, High-street, Bloomsbury, cheesemonger.—W. Wydown, Upper Thames-street, grocer.—W. Turnbull, Oxford-street, music-seller.—J. Pinney, Bury-street, St. James's, tailor.—J. Oliphant, Fleet-street, tailor.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

At the Court at the Queen's Palace, the 1st of November, 1809, present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

This day the Right Honourable Henry John Viscount Palmerston was, by his Majesty's command, sworn of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and took his place at the Board accordingly.

His Majesty having been pleased to appoint the Right Honourable Richard Ryder to be one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, he was this day, by his Majesty's command, sworn one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State accordingly.

Whitehall, November 4, 1809.

The King has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the

Right Honourable Charles Flower, of Lobb, in the county of Oxford, and of Woodford, in the county of Essex, Esq. Lord Mayor of the City of London, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.

Queen's Palace, November 1, 1809.

The King was this day pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood on William Plomer, Esq. Alderman of the city of London.

The King was this day pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood on James Athol Wood, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy.

BANKRUPTCY ENLARGED.

J. Hewett, West Bedford, Middlesex, farmer, from Nov. 11, to Dec. 30, at ten, at Guildhall, London.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

I. Wheildon, Copthall-Court, Throgmorton-street, packer.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Cuisset, East-street, Red Lion-square, Middlesex, upholder. Attorney, Mr. Lys, Tooke's-court, Cursitor-street.

J. Knight, Lower Clapton, Middlesex, corn-chandler. Attornies, Messrs. Collins and Waller, Spital-square.

J. Nicholson, High-street, St. Giles's, bookseller. Attornies, Messrs. Wiltshire and Bolton, Old Broad-street.

J. Fewings, Out Parish of St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, innholder. Attorney, Mr. Bayton, Bristol.

W. Stancome, Swansea, shopkeeper. Attornies, Messrs. Daniel and Son, Bristol.

I. Leedham, Buxton, Derbyshire, innkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Shaw, Weston-Hall, Derbyshire.

J. Bennett, Bristol, cabinet-maker. Attorney, Mr. Jarman, Bristol.

W. Meadows and R. Johnson, Paddington, coal-merchants. Attorney, Mr. Bousfield, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

F. Collis, Union-place, Southwark, taylor. Attornies, Messrs. Payne and Morshead, Aldermanbury.

J. Purvis, Sandgate, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, vintner. Attorney, Mr. Kirkley, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

J. Napier, Bucklersbury, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Wilde, jun. Castle-street, Falcon-square.

W. Drury, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, stationer. Attorney, Mr. Cozen, Chancery-lane.

T. Burt, Catherine-street, Commercial-road, straw plat-factor. Attorney, Mr. Letkow, Wardrobe-place, Doctors'-Commons.

T. Goldsmith, Shoreditch, dealer in wines. Attorney, Mr. Charsley, Mark-lane.

C. R. Chadwick, Grosvenor-mews, Bond-street, iron-plate-worker. Attornies, Messrs. Rigby and Co. Bridge-street.

J. Fenton and G. Moore, Rotherhithe, ironmongers. Attorney, Mr. Wilde, jun. Castle-street, Falcon-square.

T. J. Collis, Oxford-street, coach-maker. Attornies, Messrs. Blakelock and Co. Elm-court, Temple.

Ann Lanchester, St. James's-street, milliner. Attornies, Messrs. Wybourn and Co. Craig's-court, Charing-cross.

J. Kerry, Little Newport-street, Long-Acre, haberdasher. Attorney, Mr. Searle, Child's-place, Temple-Bar.

G. Taylor, Barsted, Kent, paper-maker. Attornies, Messrs. Street and Co. Philpot-lane.

J. Peploe, Kennington, Surrey, coach-maker. Attorney, Mr. Lucas, Blackfriars-road.

H. Chabaud, Plumbtree-street, Bloomsbury, jeweller. Attorney, Mr. Lamb, Aldersgate street.

J. Pountney, Cheddar, Somersetshire, paper-maker. Attorney, Mr. Stephens, Bristol.

CERTIFICATES.—Nov. 25.

E. Hillyer, Mark-lane, pork-butcher.—M. Wolley, Stayley-Bridge, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—W. Millburn, Clifton, Yorkshire, farmer.—J. Wallace, Manchester, cotton manufacturer.—M. Bloxam, Koi, Gracechurch-street, banker.—G. and J. Benton, Birmingham, jewellers.—G. Edlin, Aldgate, jeweller.—E. Edmonds, Monument-yard, wine-merchant.—G. Seaborne, Hoxton, sacking-manufacturer.

PHILOMATHES,—MIRAC,—the PLAN for an ASYLUM for FRIENDLESS YOUNG LADIES,—and A. B.'s DEFENCE of the "great" JOHN WILLOCK, Esq. are delayed for want of room.—An ACCOUNT of the present incapable MEDICAL BOARD, (extracted from Dr. MACLEAN's new work on the Abuses in the Medical Department) shall also appear next Sunday.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 5.

BONAPARTE sent news of the Peace on the 17th October to Gen. DESBUREAUX at Strasburgh for the information of the Empress, and is by this time perhaps arrived at Paris, after having visited Munich and *Antwerp*. Nobody yet knows the terms; but a Dresden Paper speaks confidently of the union of Gallicia, Fiume, Trieste, and Istria, with the kingdom of Italy; Bavaria, it is said, deprives Austria of an extent of territory reaching to Lintz on the Danube; and the Grand Duke of WURTZBURGH, in exchange for the Tyrol, which Bavaria would find it difficult to keep, is to give up part of his own territories. These are mere speculations of course, though reasonable ones. The event of the peace, as it interests *us*, is well known, and I would I could say, as well appreciated; but we shall never be content (generous enemies that we are!) till we raise all BONAPARTE's Marshals into Princes and Kings; and here are the men who will do all in their power towards this most Christian object:—they have at length completed their quota, and therefore, in one sense at least, may be called

THE FINISHED MINISTRY.

Prime Minister and Clerk of the Irons,	Mr. PERCEVAL
Secretary for Foreign Affairs, - -	Lord BATHURST
Secretary for War and Colonies,	Lord LIVERPOOL
Secretary for the Home Department,	Mr. RYDER
Lord Chancellor, - - - -	Lord ELDON
President of the Board of Controul,	Mr. R. S. DUNDAS
Secretary at War, - - -	Lord PALMERSTON
President of the Council, - -	Lord CAMDEN
Lord Privy Seal, - - -	Ld WESTMORELAND
First Lord of the Admiralty, - -	Lord MULGRAVE
Master of the Ordnance, - -	Lord CRATHAM
Something or other—no matter what,	Lord HARROWBY.

Such are the Finished Ministry, if Ministry it may be called which Administration "is none, distinguishable in Member," as MILTON says of Death's shape and no shape. By the way, the mention of MILTON reminds me, singularly enough, of the *Times* newspaper, which now and then produces a good article upon domestic economy, but of late seems to have been as ambitious of talking nonsense as any convicted Ministerialist. This journal assures us, that the peace is "not matter of choice but of necessity with BONAPARTE," and that "he could obtain no better terms," though it informs us in the next paragraph that it can "as yet say nothing of the *precise* terms." Notwithstanding this small inconvenience, it proceeds to argue, on the ground of BONAPARTE's former threat respecting the new hosi-

lities being "the last" and Austria being reduced to "the condition of a pacific power," that he has not made good his word, that he has been forced to leave behind him "*the seeds of universal freedom and happiness*," and that "he may return to Spain, but he will return *shorn of half his rays!*" Astonishing!—When people read such passages as these, they can only look at each other with their eyes wide open. There are two or three Editors in this metropolis, who cannot utter a word about BONAPARTE without becoming lunatic; one may apply to them the exclamation of *Cassio* against drinking—"O that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains!" The *Times*' allusion to MILTON's phrase, "*shorn of his beams*," is as unfortunate as its argument: let us quote the whole passage and see how it applies to this shorn Emperor:—

> ——— As when the sun new risen
> Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,
> Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
> In dim eclipse, *disastrous twilight sheds*
> *On half the nations, and with fear of change*
> PERPLEXES MONARCHS.
>
> PARAD. LOST, Book 1st.

The Citizens have presented their Address to his MAJESTY, in which they tell him that they are both "joyful and glad" to hail the 50th year of his reign: (very odd, that people who are *joyful*, should be *glad!*) they also inform him, that his MAJESTY has proved himself, "on every occasion, unwearied in the maintenance and practice of all the principles so graciously pledged" at the beginning of his reign; but the worst of these speeches is, that notwithstanding all the proofs his MAJESTY may have given, they mention no instances, no examples, no facts, not even concerning the *Habeas Corpus*, or any other of our vital privileges. But History will settle all these matters.

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The Paris Papers contain an Address of the Arch-Chancellor to the French Senate, and a Report from the Minister of War, both of which refer to the same subject, namely, a new levy of 36,000 men. The only remarkable passage in the Report, is that in which an anxiety is expressed to spare the troops on the Danube the fatigues of the war in Spain, and an intimation given, that it will be sufficient, without sending any additional corps to Spain, to keep up to their full establishment those which are already there. Thirty thousand men, it is added, collected at Bayonne, will afford the means of accomplishing this object.

According to an authentic account lately published, the dominions which belonged to the French Empire at the end of last year, contained 16,784 square leagues, and 39,847,397 souls, which makes 2,374 for every square league; the public revenue amounted to 720 millions of francs; the army consisted of 569,930 men, and the fleet of 40 sail of the line and 30 frigates.

A strong reinforcement is to be sent immediately to Walcheren. Six regiments of infantry are under orders of embarkation for that island. The army under the command of Lord WELLINGTON is also to receive considerable increase, the extent of which is not yet determined!!!

A late *Moniteur* contained an analysis of the Congreve Rockets, which implied that the French have discovered the secret of their formation.—The French account says, that they are made with brown paper, and that their diameter is one centimetre. Now it is asserted from authority that the rockets are made of no such material, and that the smallest of them are ten times the diameter mentioned. So much for the French analysis, which is said to be full of the grossest errors, and no wonder, when the very act of firing the rocket against an enemy, necessarily destroys all that it would be important for him to know.

THE BRITISH NAVY.—The total number of ships of war now in commission consists of 879, of which 158 are of the line; 27 from 50 to 44 guns; 178 frigates, 183 sloops of war, &c. 12 bombs and fire-ships, 178 armed brigs, 60 cutters, 88 schooners and luggers. Besides which, there are building and repairing as many as make the grand total 1130 ships of war, including 260 of the line.

The following are the Noblemen and Gentlemen invited by the Lord Mayor Elect and Sheriffs, to be their guests at the Civic Feast on Thursday next:—

By the LORD MAYOR:—The Duke of Bedford; Lords Grenville, Erskine, Spencer, Holland, St. Vincent, Muira, Darnley, H. Petty, Carrington; Mr. Canning, Sir Sidney Smith, Mr. H. Hoare, and Mr. W. Gee.

By Mr. Sheriff WOOD:—Lord Folkestone, Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Wardle, Mr. Byng, Admiral Keates, and Major Cartwright.

By Mr. Sheriff ATKINS:—Marquis of Waterford; Lords Sidmouth, Morton, St. Vincent, Castlereagh; Mr. Vansittart, and Admiral Colpoys.

THE BACON-SELLER, A BARONET.—Mr. Justice MACKNAUGTON, going out to India as a Judge, and Capt. JAMES ATHOL WOOD, of the Royal Navy, have had the honour of *Knighthood* conferred on them; the former on assuming a situation of great importance, and the latter for his distinguished gallantry at the capture of Curacoa. At the very same time, the hereditary title of *Baronet* was bestowed by the Sovereign upon CHARLES FLOWER, Lord Mayor and Bacon-seller, for—what?—his distinguished attachment to the Minister of the day. Thus is this poor creature elevated in rank above those gallant defenders of their country, Sir C. STUART, Sir SIDNEY SMITH, and many other Officers, who have passed their best days and shed their best blood in their country's service! Sir SIDNEY indeed, the only Englishman that ever stopped for an instant the career of BONAPARTE, is not even an English Knight, he has only a Swedish title. Behold the beautiful, British *advice* of Minssters!—What, in the name of decency, has this Bacon Contractor done, that he should be put above the thousands of gallant fellows, in the army and navy, who daily risk their lives in a painful service? What, we repeat, has he done, what single public action has he performed, which should entitle him to such, or indeed *any*, public honours? To be sure, he has been voted unworthy the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and this alone must endear him to such an Administration as the present.

There was nothing worth reporting at the Old Bailey last week.

Royal Bounty.—It was on Thursday and Friday last announced, in two of the Daily Papers, that his Majesty had sent 2000*l.* to the Fund for the Relief of Debtors in England; and 2000*l.* for those in Scotland and Ireland. This fact is not the less pleasing on account of its novelty. As his Majesty has thus most graciously evinced a disposition to relieve the distresses of his People, we ardently hope we shall often, very often, have to record similar acts of beneficence, for it must be confessed, that the present lengthened reign has been most deplorably barren in acts of princely charity. This good example *her* Majesty will no doubt follow.—Those persons who talk about want of attachment to Royalty, are much mistaken: every Englishman of sense respects the Monarchy, though he may not be among the flatterers of the Monarch. Let Kings and Queens act with common liberality, they will not only be respected, but beloved. And how much better is it to possess the hearts of a gallant people, than to have thousands of untaxed pounds in the funds, or even to hold five millions as Droits of Admiralty? To give, not to hoard, is the duty of Princes, who should never forget, that where much is given, much also is required.

Mr. Jacks says that his Majesty is not *so rich* as many persons imagine. How does Mr. Jacks know this? If his Majesty had not some pretty round sums in the funds, would that disgusting measure have been resorted to, of passing an Act of Parliament to avoid taxing the King's property, in whatever *name* it might be invested? A helpless widow's wretched income of 60*l.* per ann. is taxed 10 per cent. His Majesty's splendid allowance from the *nation* is sacred!!

The disapprobation at Covent Garden still continues to be vehemently expressed. The after-pieces are only perceived in dumb-show, and the placarders, hissers, groaners, coughers, howlers, shouters, crowers, and barkers, are as lively as ever, though the scene has now lasted 31 nights. At the conclusion, three groans are now given for the *Morning Post*, and three cheers for the *Chronicle* and *Statesman*. The old-price advocates, on quitting the theatre, proceed to the *Morning Post* Office, where they give three groans, and then proceed to the *Chronicle* and *Statesman* Offices, at which they give three cheers. This has been their practice for these two nights.

It is said, that Mr. Mash, Chief Clerk in the Office of the Lord Chamberlain, has officially announced to Mr. Kemble that there must be an end put to the scene of riot and tumult in the Theatre, either by the Managers yielding to the universal feeling of the public, or by suspending the patent. Mr. Kemble requested a few days time to communicate with Mr. Harris, who is at Bath, but who is so much recovered as to be on his return to town. Mr. Mash said that his instructions were peremptory, but on the earnest supplication of Mr. Kemble to give time for a communication with his partner, he agreed to report the application to Lord Dartmouth.

Richard Draper, a journeyman currier, was dragged from one of the one-shilling pigeon-holes of Covent-garden theatre, on the night of Thursday the 19th ult. Two of his shopmates, and two respectable persons, who were present, offered testimony to prove that Draper was not the person against whom the fury of Professor Brandon was intended to have been directed. The real offender escaped, and Draper was mistaken for that individual. The public Accuser however persevered in swearing to the person of Draper—the testimony of four individuals was not received, and bail was demanded by the Magistrate. Bail was offered on the spot, but rejected, on the ground of a want of knowledge of the sufficiency. Draper was committed to Tothill-fields Bridewell, and there he remains to this moment. The Magistrates have, doubtless, felt themselves compelled to commit, on oath being made by the party accusing—Such certainly is the law. But the imprisonment of individuals on charges so indefinite, so imperfectly supported, and in many instances, where testimony has been offered, flatly contradictory, is certainly what our ancestors could never have expected to be tamely witnessed by their posterity. Draper, his wife and children, are now existing upon charity. There has been throughout this contest a degree of brutality and unfeeling persecution on the part of the Proprietors and their agents, which must for ever mark them as the objects of public contempt.

Fun.—Some funny Gentleman has ingeniously contrived to put a considerable number of persons to great inconvenience, by the following hoax:—The family of Mr. Griffiths, a respectable Apothecary, in Bedford-street, Covent-garden, being out of town, the house was entrusted to the care of a single female, who on the day preceding the Jubilee, "was astonished by the delivery of a patent mangle of the largest size, a rocking-horse, of dimensions equal to that produced on the Stage in Foote's farce of "*The Commissary*," carpeting in quantity sufficient to hide every floor and stair in the house—and as the ensuing winter may be severe, and coals scarce, three large waggon loads, all of which were duly shot into the cellar; and though last, not least, several cargoes of candles, which, had they all been lighted, might have rivalled an equal extent of space with any part of the Bank of England. Numerous other articles arrived; the knocker never rested; and the porters jostled each other on the step throughout the day. The hall and rooms on the ground floor absolutely resembled a store in America, where you may be supplied with every article of European production. At length the hoax began to be suspected, and the housekeeper refused to receive any more articles, and though enraged at the trick, her tranquillity was returning, when on the day of the Jubilee, about four o'clock, she was summoned by a tremendous thunder at the knocker, and on opening the door, out stepped two ladies and a gentleman. During the explanation which ensued, up came another chaise, and shortly after another. The company adjourned into the deranged dining-room, where they were finally joined by some friends of the Doctor, who successively alighted from five other carriages—making in the whole eight carriages. A crowd soon collected, and learning the cause of this unusual assemblage, they instantly entered into the spirit of the joke, much more so indeed than the disappointed visitants, who drove off amidst the huzzas of the crowd.—To a good joke, no lover of mirth will refuse assent; but when practical jokes are carried to an extent, which may be productive of inconvenience and vexation, so great as have arisen in this instance, they cannot but be considered as extremely unjustifiable. Mr. Theodore Hook is the reputed author of this hoax.

On Friday night, about ten o'clock, a fire broke out in a Mustard Manufactory, between Lambeth and Vauxhall, which destroyed the whole building in a single hour.

Two young girls at Ratisbon, the one 14, the other 15 years of age, having quarrelled about the affections of a lover, provided themselves with a brace of pistols belonging to the brother of one of them, and in the rage of their jealousy fired at each other, with the muzzles almost touching; one of them was killed on the spot, and the other dangerously wounded.

Sittings appointed in Middlesex and London, before the Right Hon. Sir JAMES MANSFIELD, Knt. Lord Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, at Westminster, in and after Michaelmas Term, 1809.

IN TERM.

MIDDLESEX.		LONDON.	
Friday	Nov. 10.	Saturday	Nov. 11.
Thursday	16.	Friday	17.
Thursday	23.	Friday	24.

AFTER TERM.

Wednesday	Nov. 19.	Thursday	Nov. 30.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 56.

COVENT-GARDEN.

TRAGEDY seems entirely to have forsaken the country of SHAKSPEARE and OTWAY. The last production of any celebrity was the *Douglas* of Mr. HOME, at the first representation of which a Scotchman is said to have started up and exclaimed, "Whar's your WULLY SHAKSPEARE noo?" He was struck, poor fellow, with the novelty of a drama that interested the passions, and still more with the novelty of such a production in his own country. And yet almost all the late dramatists have claimed acquaintance with the impassioned Muse, from THOMSON who made her a flower-girl, and JOHNSON who made her a school-girl, down to WHITEHEAD, and PYE, and LEWIS, and REYNOLDS himself, who have made her a non-entity. Among these latter gentlemen, tragically considered, is the late Mr. MURPHY, the author of one or two respectable comedies, the best farce in the language, and the very dull tragedy of the *Grecian Daughter*. This drama, which has the advantage of its cotemporaries in as much as it really possesses *one* original idea *, has been kept alive by a succession of first-rate actresses, who from some strange cause or other, probably the *sole prominence* of the character, have chosen to perform the heroine. The language is monotonously declamatory, eked out with tautologies and threadbare epithets; and the main incident, though a truly filial act and worthy of all our private sympathy, is not of a nature to produce even a pleasing effect, however disguised behind the scenes; there is something in it, let it be a sacred delicacy if you please, which makes us revolt at hearing the story in a mixed assembly; and in fact, it is heard by the whole audience with an apparent indifference, that seems as if they felt the same sensation. A new actress however, from the country, a Mrs. CLARK, said to be but nineteen years of age, selected it for her first appearance here on Monday, and met with considerable encouragement. Her figure is of middling height, slender and spare; her face prominent in its features and not handsome, but earnest and intelligent; her voice, either not yet matured, or naturally wanting in power, for when I saw her for the *first* time from the front boxes, it often failed in reaching me. Declamation is a great provocative of action; but Mrs. CLARK is terribly superabundant in that provincial commodity; scarcely any thing was uttered without a wave of the arm or a toss of the head, like a writing-master's copper-plate, in which every word is incumbered with flourishes. This exuberance however may easily be pruned, and her weak voice may gain strength as she grows older: her conception of her author does honour to her years and good sense, and in one or two passages she rose much above declamation; such as that, for instance, in which, after a side expression of her fears at receiving an order to wait on *Dionysius*, she turns to his messenger and says with much dignity, "I obey." But let our young heroine learn the great difference which is most decisive of an actor's genius, the difference between beauties handed down from age to age and originating in GARRICK, PRITCHARD, and others, and beauties created by the living performer:—of the former kind, for example, is the guilty stupor of *Macbeth*, pale and gazing on his quivering blood-stained hands, when he comes from the murder of *Duncan*; of the latter, at least for aught that I know to the contrary, are Mrs. SIDDONS's restless change of seat when she is dying in *King Henry VIII.* and her mute prostration to the ground before *Philotas*, in the play before us, when he allows her to visit her father. *Invention* is the test of genius in all the arts, and makes all the difference between GARRICK and his successors, as it does between SHAKSPEARE and MURPHY. Mrs. CLARK, at present, is certainly not a proper substitute for Miss SMITH: she is just fit to be the heroine of a country theatre; her voice, action, and acquirements suit it; but her genius may do much more for her, if she improve it by study, and thus obtain fresh acquirements. Now the *Grecian Daughter*, to use an artist's phrase, is a very bad study: it indulges monotony and rant; and in another point of view, one may even question, whether a young actress does herself as much good with the audience by her prominence in the play, as the play itself does her harm by it's tiresome dullness. Let her study Nature in all it's features and varieties; let her attend to those touches of genius in Mrs. SIDDONS, which are not the most observable or the most applauded when they are the most noisy, though the contrary may be the case with bad performers, whose noise is their only talent: let her attend to those exquisite touches in Mrs. SIDDONS, which in the very midst of tragedy introduce a noble and natural familiarity, utterly unknown to declaimers: let her study the tempers and the passions of those about her, and the *human face wherever she meets it*. By these means, she will discover new beauties in her poet, new fancies combined in her head, new chords struck in her heart, and she will express them all accordingly, because while she has studied the feelings of mankind, she has studied the glass in which they are displayed. An actor, like a painter and a philosopher, should let nothing escape him. He must obtain conception and expression by the same means, with which MICHAEL ANGELO became a great artist,—a continual exercise of his mind and his eye.

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* I have noticed this in another work:—it is the exclamation of *Philotas*, when the heroine by her pious artifice saves her father from starving:—

——— All her laws
Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs still.

"This sentence, which would have been passed over amidst innumerable beauties in SHAKSPEARE, shines like a star from the cloudy dullness of MURPHY's Tragedy."—*Crit. Ess. Append. p.* 12.

It is gratifying to the lovers of taste and correct representation, to see that Mr. HOPE's Work, on the "Costume of the Ancients," has made its way to the Theatres, where, it must be confessed, a little learning of the kind was most flagrantly wanting. Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE, in his compact and radiant cuirass, his helmet with it's braces turned up, and his mantle hung at the corners with little metal balls, presented a perfect picture of the ancient chevalier: never was the classical air of his figure seen to such advantage. It would be well, if the Actresses also would dip a little into Mr. HOPE's Work, which would entertain them at least as much as a Magazine of Fashion, and teach them much more Greek in the improvement of their waists and garments. At any rate, such a medley of times and places should never be displayed again, as was exhibited in one of the scenes on Monday. Next door to a Grecian house there was absolutely a *Gothic* one—manifest Gothic, with it's point-arched windows and it's little fretted canopies for images! If these houses could have been properly inhabited, imagine to yourself the astonishment of a Greek looking out of his window, and encountering the equally astonished face of a bald-headed Friar looking out of *his*; or of a young Alcibiades and a Sister Ursula falling in love at sight of each other, and exclaiming with much more reason than the two "modest" lovers in *Scriblerus*,

> Ye Gods, annihilate *but space and time*,
> And make two lovers happy!

The opposition to the new prices at Covent-Garden has increased with fresh vehemence. It commences at half-price with a cough or two, by way of underhand signal and encouragement; the cough is soon accompanied by whistles and catcalls, and these presently rouse the whole "concord of sweet sounds,"

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of" Enmity.

The Pit-men seem as determined not to yield as the Managers, and the CHAMBERLAIN must soon interfere with the house if it continue to be so disorderly. The obstinacy and half-explanations of the Proprietors are really meeting their due reward. Among the Placards, the following is the only classical one that has appeared:—

> Since potent hissing speaks the public mind,
> Which has of late been of the hissing kind,
> Let those hiss now who never hiss'd before,
> And those who always hiss'd, now hiss the more.

This is an imitation of the burden of *Ausonius's Pervigilium Veneris*, thus rendered, I believe, by Dr. PARNELL:

> Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
> And those who always lov'd, now love the more.

It is to be hoped, that none of the oppositionists were guilty of the gross wantonness of knocking off one of the fingers of a statue in the lobby. This is the signal for more malignant stupidity of the same kind, which ought to be resented by every person present.

LYCEUM.

Mrs. FORBES and Mr. MELVIN, two performers who have before appeared in London with little success, have once more come before the town at this Theatre. Of the latter's re-appearance I cannot yet speak, as he performed on Thursday, when I thought it necessary to see Mrs. [illegible] again, in consequence of the distance at which I [illegible] Monday. Mrs. FORBES was introduced on [illegible] the part of *Julia* in the *Rivals*, a character from the sidelong insinuation and rolling eyes of the Actress, might have been mistaken at first sight for *Lydia Languish*. Her last remonstrance with *Falkland* was not wanting in feeling, but altogether Mrs. FORBES is what would be called a mawkish performer, and has added nothing to her former rank on the stage.

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THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR, *Gray's Inn, Nov.* 1, 1809.

Feeling, as a professional man, and justly, I should hope, indignant at the assumption of Mr. MAINWARING, in his Charge to the Grand Jury, "that the public had no customary *right* to express their sentiments in a public theatre," I cannot help making a few observations on the following remark from the Chairman, namely, that "they seemed to consider their demand as a *matter of right*, on *what ground* he knew not."

Mr. MAINWARING knows not on what ground this right exists! Does he know the ground on which his right to sit as a Magistrate exists? Does he know the ground upon which the rights of all our civil institutions exist? Does he know the ground itself (I had almost made a slip of the pen, and added legal ground) on which he has ventured to step? (*tread* I cannot say, for his venture has been a mere fantastic manœuvre, without the slightest impression on solidity.) Does he know the "Origo legum," the origin of all our laws, of all our rights, common as well as civil? has he read any one treatise upon our English Jurisprudence? has he read the best? has he read BLACKSTONE*? has he not there seen, that the origin of all our rights, of all our authorities, is traced to *Custom*? From whence do we derive our Statute Law? Let Mr. MAINWARING consult the first legal friend he meets;—let him ask the last simple question; and then let him, as a man of common reading, look over, and blush at, the sentiments he has ventured to state in his Charge, as reported in the *Examiner* of Sunday last. I am, Sir, with respect, yours, A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

* See Blackstone *on the Study of the Law*, Section the first, p. 17.—"That antient collection of unwritten maxims and CUSTOMS, which is called the common law, however compounded, or from whatever fountains derived, had subsisted immemorially in this kingdom; and though somewhat altered and impaired by the violence of the times, had in great measure weathered the rude shock of the Norman conquest, &c.—This had endeared it to the people in general, as well because it's decisions were universally known, as because it was found to be excellently adapted to the genius of the English nation."

A DEFENCE OF ACTORS.

For the following Letter a Motto has been given us by a friend, which seems well worthy to introduce the arguments of our ingenious Correspondent:—

> "*Latinus.* Pleasures of worse natures
> Are gladly entertain'd; and they that shun us,
> Practise, in private, sports the stews would blush at.
> * * * * * * * * *
> *Paris.* Yet grudge *us*,
> That with delight join profit, and endeavour
> To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
> Decipher to the life what honours wait
> On good and glorious actions, and the shame
> That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary
> Of six sestertii." MASSINGER's *Roman Actor.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—It will, I believe, be readily admitted that when a person has written the introductory lines, or exordium, of his letter, he has accomplished the most difficult part of his task: I shall avail myself of this admission, and proceed immediately to my purpose, which is to rescue the professors of the histrionic art from the opprobrious epithets with which it has lately been fashionable to stigmatize them; in other words, to convince John Bull that an actor is not so despicable a character as he seems to imagine. But here it may be necessary to premise that I am not an actor myself, nor am I in the slightest degree connected with the theatre or any of it's appendages: I am, what I hope I shall always continue, an admirer of intellect when it is the auxiliary of virtue, and an enemy to fanaticism and illiberality in all cases whatever. At the commencement of the disturbances in Covent-garden Theatre, I did not think this would have been a necessary undertaking: the public treated with contempt those enthusiasts who would convince them that a play house is the hot-bed of licentiousness; they justly considered that a man who has money will always find congenial entertainment; and, as a necessary consequence of these considerations, they were inclined munificently to patronize those men from whose exertions they had always received the highest mental gratification; this feeling was unequivocally evinced on a particular occasion, when a gentleman asserted that the public would comply with the recent demand of the proprietors, if the actors were to be enriched by their acquiescence; and the assertion was ratified by an universal peal of applause. But the case is reversed, Sir; and we now think that exorbitant which, but a few nights since, we determined was insufficient. It has been discovered that actors are vagabonds—pests to society, that their salaries are enormous, and their merits trivial: that those should argue thus who think perversely, when they think at all, is natural enough; for some author says, that the most inveterate enmity is that which a fool bears to a man of wit; but when I see men whose profession is literature adopt these sentiments and earnestly defend them, I think their arguments deserve a serious refutation. That an actor is a vagabond in the estimation of the law, I deny; for while he acts under a licence he is denominated the King's servant, and is no more entitled to the appellation than he who so ignorantly applies it; and, even if such a law did disgrace our statute-book, no man of enlarged ideas would think it of any consequence; for a title to a man is like a binding for a book; he who reads for instruction does not care a fig, whether his book is bound in morocco or in boards, or indeed, whether it is bound at all; and in studying mankind he has a similar contempt for extrinsic ornament: if there is any difference between an honest cheesemonger and an honest actor, it is that the commodity of the latter is intellectual, and therefore nobler than that of the former. Not so thinks the pupil of Dilworth, he would prefer a Durfey with a portrait to a Shakespear without one; and according to his idea, the modest radiance which invest the brows of Milton is absolutely extinguished by the irresistible effulgence which plays round a guinea. For my own part, Sir, I reverence a man of abilities, and am of opinion with Swift, that he who has Genius for his mother, and Virtue for his guide, is a much nobler character than any one, however illustrious his ancestry, who has nothing but his titles or his riches to recommend him. Call this pride, or policy, or envy, I care not, it is sufficient that I feel it to be just; and if your readers participate in this sentiment, I do not despair of refuting the advocates for abridged salaries; though I am sensible that I have much specious reasoning and many pleasing fallacies to vanquish. Dr. Johnson says that very few listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money; and he who would judge impartially must endeavour to suppress this feeling. In discussing the question of enormous salaries, it will be necessary to consider that it is only on the London boards that the emoluments of an actor assume any thing like a formidable appearance: I sincerely believe that if we were to estimate the income of the *whole* profession, we should find thirty shillings a very fair average, Let us imagine a Cooke barely existing on something more than half this sum; what is his solace in affliction, when wanting even the necessaries of life; and when his distresses are aggravated by possessing a mind acutely alive to every insult and privation? What but the hope that his talents will eventually procure him a lucrative and honourable engagement at a London theatre, where he expects to find judges capable of appreciating his merit, and willing to reward it? This is his goal; and an ensign may be commander-in-chief; but here the actor's prospects terminate; and if we deprive him of this stimulus, we are depriving ourselves of a rational entertainment; for what shall excite emulation in the breast of a man who is inevitably condemned to live and die on a pittance which shall provoke him to look with envy on a shoe-black? I care but little what the ancients, still less what their servile imitators the moderns, have said on the subject. I bring their dogmatisms to the test of reason and consistency, and I find an evident paradox which invalidates their arguments. I hear them incessant in their praises of Sophocles or Terence, Corneille or Shakespear, and I hear them reviling that art and its professors, which gives life and energy to the precepts of these very eulogised authors. It is necessary in the pit or boxes to suppress those feelings which are frequently excited; but if you visit either of the galleries, you will find that the moral of the scene, I speak of a tragedy, has sunk into the hearts of the spectators. Let authors, therefore, of every denomination, beware how they sanction the depreciation of any retainer of the Muses, whatever may be his comparative inferiority. Mercury was a god, though the servant of the others. Players are to writers what the moon is to the sun,—they shine with imparted lustre, but they testify the power of the nobler luminary. They imbibe and reflect that light which otherwise, with respect to many persons, would not be known to exist. There are numbers who see a play oftener than they read a moral essay; and while

"Truth displays her radiance from the stage,"

I do not see how we can dispense with the actors. Let it too be considered, that though the attacks of ignorance and bigotry are at present ostensibly confined to the players, the principle has a more extensive influence, and may undermine the very citadel of learning. It is the interest of your Huntingdons and their satellites to plunge us in our primeval barbarism; and if a man would extinguish a fire, his first care is to deprive it of fuel. But it is asked, if we allow an actor every professional merit

with which flattery can invest him, is it just that we should give him as much as we do a judge, a prime-minister, or an admiral? I answer, no; nor do we. Mr. Kemble's salary, as an actor, is something more than one thousand pounds per annum; and a judge's or a minister's at least triples that sum, without including fees, sinecures, or offices in reversion; and whatever might be the merits of an actor, I never yet heard of one (*even a singer*, Mr. Bull) who made 20,000*l.* prize-money in the course of five years, as the papers tell us Lord Collingwood has done. A statement of the income of gentlemen who fill subordinate though highly respectable situations in the army or navy, only proves that they have too little, not that the players have too much.—There are, I believe, few persons who would purchase commissions unless they had money to support them; but if we consider every officer as an adventurer, their emoluments are confessedly inadequate; and it is a strange perversion of logic to argue that because we are unjust or parsimonious in one instance we should be so always.—I have two friends: one makes me respected in every quarter of the globe, protects me from insult, and, whether right or wrong, always fights my battles with equal ardour; though it must be confessed that an unbounded confidence in his prowess, sometimes involves me in an unnecessary quarrel with my neighbours: my other friend amuses or instructs me in my hours of relaxation, is either grave or gay, as I would have him, and would never be immoral or indecent if I did not encourage him to be so; indeed there has been a great change for the better in us both of late years; I never wish to hear, nor does he ever wish to tell those licentious tales of which I was so fond. It so happens, that my amusing friend has a violent tooth-ache, and, fortunately for us both, I carry in my breeches pocket a certain talisman which can relieve him in an instant; shall I not then slip it in his hand as I run to the doctor for my fighting friend, who has a fit of the gout? He undoubtedly possesses the first place in my affections, but his disorder is inherent, it is part of his system, and before I attempt to eradicate it, it is necessary that I ask the opinion of persons who know his constitution better than I do. This I think, Mr. Examiner, is a fair statement of the case; and in addition to this, I must remind your readers that an actor is more influenced by calamity or accident than almost any other man: if a tragedian loses a leg or an eye, he is discarded for ever,—there is no retiring on half-pay, no drinking dissolved pearls; he has no resource but pity; and who does not know the ephemeral nature of pity? That the author who writes a play should at least have as much as he who performs in it, is but just: dramatic writing is therefore the most lucrative of all writing; and if Reynolds get 400*l.* for a five-act farce, is it not evident that he owes three hundred and fifty of it to the actors? It may too, perhaps, mortify the pride of authors to tell them that a feudal chieftain would have thought himself as much disgraced by writing a book, as by performing in a play. But if the public are particularly anxious that the varieties and degrees of merit should be ascertained by pecuniary boundaries, why do they not intimate their wishes to the proprietors? Ann Catley got more in 1791, as a singer at the Dublin Theatre, than Cooke or Kemble get at present, and if this does not imply a vicious taste, I am at a loss to say what does. Do not we run as eagerly to a Grimaldi as we do to a Siddons? and is it not a notorious fact that Incledon always had a better benefit than any other performer? I do not condemn the public's generosity to these gentlemen, but surely it takes more time, more study, and more genius, to make a good tragedian than it does to make a singer. The public, though, like cringes; they admire those who will give bow for clap, however inconsistent with the character, and are content that propriety should be sacrificed, provided the offering is made at the shrine of servility. It is perhaps for their attention to character that the Kembles have been attacked with the greatest virulence. In saying this I am entirely disinterested, for I solemly declare that I don't think I should know either of them off the stage; as professional characters they are entitled to the respect of every admirer of Shakespear; and, in estimating the character of a friend, if the naked eye discovers nothing but beauties, it is something worse than folly to apply the microscope for the detection of every possible fault. But, whatever may be Mr. Kemble's vices, I cannot allow that they are contagious, nor can I allow that audience to be either enlightened or liberal which could absolutely pelt his brother's wife,—a defenceless pregnant female,—merely because she had allied herself to a family with whom they had passed some of the most rational hours of their lives: this was shewing no more discretion than an irritated dog would, who generally snaps at the hand which is held forth to appease him; and if John Bull's principles will justify such an action, though I have hitherto gloried in calling myself his son, I would willingly renounce my name and lineage. But forgive me, my venerable parent; it is impossible that you could have committed such an action; you, whom Voltaire commends for burying Mrs. Pritchard* in Westminster-abbey, and contrasts your behaviour with that of his countrymen, who idolized a particular actress (Madame Dumesnils,† I think) when living, and defied her the rights of sepulture when dead. I say, once more, it is impossible: the persons who outrage the personal feelings of the actors may call on you, and boast of their extraction, but they do not possess one of the family features which characterize your acknowledged offspring. You will perceive, Mr. Examiner, that I have avoided all discussion respecting the advanced prices: "much may be said on both sides." My sole object was to vindicate the actors, and this I think may be done by something like a syllogism: The drama is either subversive of morality, or it is not; if it is, we should abstain from the theatre altogether, or turn it into a seminary for illuminated coblers; and if it is not, (which all but the said coblers and their adherents will admit), then are the actors the servants of Virtue, as well as of the King and the public, and certainly should receive that respect to which the lowest menial of the goddess is entitled. In short, Sir, we must pay them well and treat them with civility, unless we would drive the illustrious sisters, Melpomene and Thalia, into a galloping consumption, and finally see them expire broken-hearted, without the possibility of leaving us an adequate successor. This would, in-

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* Mrs. Oldfield is the actress mentioned on this occasion by Voltaire. Mrs. Pritchard did not flourish till many years after.—*Examiner.*

† It was the celebrated Le Couvreur, one of the most lovely, most accomplished, and most amiable women of her time. She was hurried into a hackney coach, and buried on the banks of the Seine.—*Exam.*

deed, be a day of Jubilee! And that you and I, Mr. Editor, may never live to see it celebrated by ignorance, hypocrisy, and Joanna Southcott, is the fervent wish of your humble servant, O. J.

MR. ELLISTON.

MR. EXAMINER,

It is the duty of every citizen of a free state to make his opinions known, should he conceive their publicity likely to prove serviceable to the community.

Impressed with holy horror at the sacrilegious idea of forcing the conscience of the best and most beloved of Monarchs, I have regarded with infinite concern the many abortive attempts to form a desirable Cabinet at the present important junction. The acquiescence of Mr. Ryder, indeed, has in some degree allayed my immediate apprehensions; but as a recurrence of the difficulty may not be at all impossible, I venture to direct the public attention to a character, who seems marked both by nature and acquirement for a Cabinet Minister of the required standard. I hesitate not to add, that I mean Mr. Elliston of the Royal Circus.

The Gentleman thus recommended to the notice of his countrymen, displays an aptitude for general undertaking, which I am persuaded will prevent his shrinking from the arduous duties of a Secretary of State. As to his fitness for the office, it can hardly be questioned. What can be more statesman-like than the magnificent, pompous, *Wellesleyan* solemnity of pretension, by which he is so eminently distinguished? What more welcome than a talent for the expedient, unimpeded by any of that fastidious self estimation which is presumed to be peculiarly offensive to Cabinets, and the more retired recesses of light and purity by which they are directed? The practical, Mr. Examiner, may be dismissed in a word: look at the most recent models, and allow the man who can get up a something, which shall be at once tragedy, comedy, and farce, to be the very hand for an Expedition.

When I positively assert, Sir, I have had no communication with Mr. Elliston on this subject, it may be feared I have been premature, in my conclusion of his willingness to accept a seat in the *present* Cabinet. Perfect demonstration on this head it is certainly not in my power to offer, but from the circumstance of his name having appeared in play bills, &c. coupled with that of Mr. Bradbury, like Castor and Pollux, I infer that he will not participate in the objections of the Lords Grey and Grenville, to a junction with Mr. Perceval.

One difficulty, however, will certainly occur. Mr. Elliston is drawing a considerable income from the Royal Circus. To give up a certain emolument for a precarious salary and the salvation of the country, has clearly become obsolete and irregular. Unfortunately the Dutchy of Lancaster supplies out one Chancellorship—possibly a pension for three lives might be deemed an equivalent.

Quere—Mr. Examiner—Might not the Royal Circus be retained *(sub rosâ)* as a Treasury establishment? Subjects for burlettas from Fox's Book of Martyrs and the godly doings of John Knox, could easily be rendered *popular*, and the salutary hatred between Protestant and Catholic revived in its primitive spirit.

I intreat you to believe, Mr. Examiner, that a regard for my country and the advancement of *modest merit* is the sole cause of this address from your faithful humble servant, Simplicius.

Hunter-street, Nov. 2, 1809.

THE MORNING POST.

Mr. Examiner, *Oct.* 30, 1809.

Your readiness to attend to communications from your readers, has induced me to suggest, that it is beneath the good sense of the *Examiner* "to break a butterfly upon a wheel," by quoting and replying to paragraphs from the *Morning Post*, a Paper which is treated with contempt by every thinking person: the ridiculous and absurd rhapsodies of Rosa Matilda and her *friend*, which "to be *laughed at* need but to be seen," acquire more attention than they deserve, by being even noticed in the same column with sound sense and good grammar.—I am, Sir, your constant reader, Hint.

[The *Examiner* is gratified by the attention and good opinion of his Correspondent, and he has no hesitation in confessing, that he has often shrunk with feelings of disgust and humiliation from the very mention of the *Morning Post:* but a blow is very often given to a bad cause through its defenders, and it is for this single reason that he has been cleaving that block of blocks. It used to be said to him on another occasion, "Why do you waste your time on such miserable writers as Dibdin and Cherry, who are despised by every thinking person?" The answer was obvious: thinking persons cannot put a stop, at least a reasonable and speedy stop, to public error by merely despising it: the insane rant of the *Della Cruscans* was despised by every "thinking person," but nevertheless it was mistaken by great numbers of the unthinking for fine poetry, and was likely to give a bad taste to many of our clever youth, * till Mr. Gifford *wrote* it down. The literary history of every nation abounds with similar instances. However, the *Post* has fallen into such general contempt, that a public writer certainly need not trouble himself much in "quoting and replying" to it: itself is it's own lampoon: and in future I shall not be very ready to notice it, unless it's native nonsense should become so humorous, that the suppression of a paragraph would be an injustice to all our laughter-loving readers.]

* Witness a melancholy instance of this in Mr. Dimond's case.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

MR. EXAMINER,

Having long subscribed to the *Examiner*, and being a warm admirer of the general tenor of its principles and style of argument, it was with the most poignant regret that I saw a paragraph disgrace its columns of yesterday, than which nothing could be more devoid of truth, nor pernicious in its tendency, being a most wanton and cruel attack upon more than four hundred thousand individuals of the United Kingdoms.—I allude to this: "*The Volunteers are so generally indisposed, that their Officers find it absolutely necessary to coax and nurse them, whenever they wish to procure a muster.*"—Now it must be apparent to all who know any thing of the matter, and whose hearts are not "indisposed," that there never was so immense a body of men engaged in any one cause, amongst whom such general harmony and unanimity prevails, as amongst our Volunteers; and so far from the Officers "*finding it absolutely necessary to coax and nurse them whenever they wish to procure a muster*," for the last six years no case in point ever came to my knowledge. To say the truth, there are a few solitary cases, in which, from want of a Commandant's paying proper attention to his duty, the

Subaltern becomes lukewarm, and this may, in some degree, extend to the Privates; but this cause happens to be the reverse of the one you assign.

I have been a member of the 11th regiment of London Volunteers from its formation, during which period I have not been absent from six musters, nor am I singular in regularity of attendance, as I am conscious no body of Volunteers could muster more effectively than they have done, and still continue to do, without the stimulus of either "coaxing" or "nursing." I will instance the last muster on the day of Jubilee, when the regiment went to church in the morning, thence to Montpellier House, where it was inspected by Lieut. Col. Addenbrooke, and where it afterwards dined, returning in excellent order to head-quarters at nine o'clock. On this occasion there were all the Officers, with the exception of one, and of the effective strength of the corps, not more than twenty were absent. Now, although the 11th was, I believe, the only City regiment out the entire day, there were hundreds of other corps throughout the Empire who mustered an equal proportion of numbers on that day, and are also in the regular habit of doing the same upon common parade days. It were, however, a waste of time to dwell much longer upon so infamous a paragraph, and I am willing to hope that the pages of my favourite paper have been disgraced by a base, unfounded assertion, unknown to its Editor, whom I highly respect, and whose love of equity will, no doubt, prompt him to take some notice of this letter, and thereby oblige one, who, notwithstanding the calumnies of our country's enemies, although our countrymen, is still proud of subscribing himself

Finsbury-square, Oct. 30. A VOLUNTEER.

[The *Examiner* willingly takes notice of the foregoing letter, but is sorry that he is still of opinion with this very obnoxious paragraph. The fact of "nursing" is proved by the regimental orders of one of the most respectable corps, the St. James's, who were told that if any of them were sick, they might come "in great coats:" that of "coaxing" is still more notorious, the musters and parades of several regiments having been delayed, on purpose that the members might assemble on the 25th with fresh life and limb: and to "nursing and coaxing" may be added the still more parental means used by Col. DRUMMOND, who with so much dignified serenity threatened the Prince of Wales's corps, that he should regard all the nonattenders as disloyal. Nothing is intended against the volunteers, considered as rational men, by the paragraph in question: it merely shews what their commanding officers thought necessary to make them all appear on that *particular* day, though it is a fact not to be disputed, that the volunteer body, like the lady's waist in the poet, has become, as Mr. WINDHAM would say,

"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

It is much to be wished, that every soldier of every description were as active in his profession and jealous of it's honour as my warm but well-meaning friend the "VOLUNTEER."]

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

On Wednesday his MAJESTY arrived at the Queen's Palace, from Windsor. At two o'clock the Corporation of the City of London arrived with the following Address:—

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The humble and dutiful Address of the LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, and COMMONS of the City of London, in Common Council assembled.

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, approach your Majesty's sacred person, with our most lively and unfeigned congratulations on the recent Anniversary of your Majesty's Accession to the Throne of these realms. With joy and gladness we hailed the day on which your Majesty entered into the 50th year of your Majesty's reign, not only over the persons, but in the hearts of your Majesty's subjects. When it pleased the Almighty Ruler of Princes to place the sceptre in your Majesty's hands, the brave, free, and loyal people whom your Majesty was ordained to govern, received with pleasure your Majesty's first declaration to the great council of the nation, that born and educated a Briton, the peculiar happiness of your Majesty's life would ever consist in promoting the welfare of your people; and your Majesty's resolution to maintain our most excellent Constitution, both in Church and State; with an assurance that the civil and religious rights of the subject were equally dear to your Majesty with the most valuable prerogatives of the Crown. We experience and acknowledge the blessings of this security to our religion and laws, and that great charter of our liberties which, in virtue of the glorious Revolution, your Majesty's illustrious house was chosen to defend. Through a lapse of nearly half a century, your Majesty has proved yourself on every occasion unwearied in the maintenance and practice of all the principles so graciously pledged. It is a proud subject for your Majesty's faithful citizens of London to record, that in the midst of all our unexampled struggles, your Majesty is enabled to say now, as at the commencement of your Majesty's reign, that your Majesty can see with joy of heart the commerce of these kingdoms, that great source of our riches and fixed object of your Majesty's never-failing cares and protection, flourishing to an extent unknown in any former war. Deeply impressed with gratitude to Almighty God, for the innumerable blessings he has been pleased to pour down upon this highly favoured nation, and more particularly for his wonderful and great goodness, in having continued his divine protection to your Majesty until this joyful period: we, your Majesty's faithful Citizens of London, have implored Heaven to accept our fervent prayers and thanksgivings, and to continue that same providential care and protection to your Majesty for many years yet to come. Believe, Sire, that it is the warmest and most fervent prayer of your Majesty's Citizens of London, that Providence may long continue to this nation so distinguishing a mark of divine favour, and that, in the fulness of time, when your Majesty shall be called from your earthly to a celestial crown, the memory and example of so beloved a Sovereign may secure to a grateful people the imitation of your Majesty's virtues, in the successors of your Royal House, till time shall be no more."

To which Address his MAJESTY was pleased to return the following answer:—

"I thank you for this testimony of your zeal and affection for me and my Government. It has ever been my anxious care to maintain the rights and privileges of every class of my subjects; and it is a great satisfaction to me to reflect, that in the midst of all our unexampled struggles, and notwithstanding the duration of the wars, in which, for the safety of my people, I have been engaged, the commerce and manufactures of my City of London have been carried to an extent unknown at any former period."

They all kissed his MAJESTY's hand: after which his MAJESTY was pleased to create the LORD MAYOR *a Baronet*, and WILLIAM PLOMER, Esq. Alderman, a Knight. His MAJESTY then held a private Levee, at which the following Noblemen and Gentlemen, among others, had the honour of being presented:—

Mr. ROBERT DUNDAS SAUNDERS, on his being appointed President of the Board of Controul, in the room of Earl Harrowby;

Lord MULGRAVE, on his promotion;

Mr. RYDER, on his being appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department;

Mr. HAMILTON, on his being appointed Under Secretary of State;

Viscount PALMERSTON, on his being appointed Secretary at War, in the room of Lord Levison Gower; and

Mr. MANNERS SUTTON, on his being appointed Judge Advocate, in the room of Mr. RYDER.

COMMON COUNCIL, FRIDAY, NOV. 3.

His Majesty's most gracious Answer to the Address, on the event of his Majesty's entering his 50th year, was entered on the journals.

Mr. JACKS moved a Resolution, acknowledging his Majesty's gracious condescension in following the example of the Court of Common Council, in a magnificent donation of 2000*l.* from his private purse, for the relief of debtors.

Mr. MILLER did not see the necessity of making a parade about a benefaction comparatively trifling, as the King was very wealthy, and the sum might therefore have been granted without any wonderful exercise of the Royal munificence. An individual (Sir F. Burdett) gave 1000*l.* to the Westminster Dispensary, and yet it was not thought necessary to commemorate that benevolent act by any public acknowledgment.

The Resolution was unanimously carried. The Court made a grant to the London Institution of some ground to build on.

Mr. KEMBLE complained that on the 1st of August last a Resolution for rescinding the Vote of Thanks to Mr. Wardle was made for the purpose of introducing an amendment for confirming those thanks, containing Resolutions foreign to the special object of the meeting, and totally unexpected. He therefore moved, that the Resolutions of the 1st of August be expunged, in order to vindicate the honour and character of the Court.

Mr. Alderman GOODBEHERE said the Gentleman had not shewed how far the honour of the Court had been injured by the Resolutions; he only alleged that they were informal. The Court was not to be prevented making an amendment for want of the mere letter of a notice. It was not to be deprived of all discretion. The Gentleman acknowledged that he did not wish to disturb the decision on the justice of Mr. Wardle's claims on the gratitude of the Court and Country. What then was his object? The worthy Alderman called on the Court to consider of the impropriety of damping the ardour of those honest men who were bold enough to resist corruption. Mr. Wardle had not only lost no time in redeeming his pledge of prosecution, but the finding the Bill by the Grand Jury for a conspiracy, on the evidence of Mrs. Clarke's perjury, was a satisfactory proof that he had redeemed it.

Mr. JACKS contended, that the Resolutions of the 1st of August, which delared the Parliament to be corrupt in its formation and the discharge of its functions, were incorrect.

Mr. WAITHMAN said, that the ground of irregularity on which the Gentleman who opened the business founded his motion, was acted on in the last meeting of the Court, when they were called upon to appoint a Committee to carry certain Resolutions into force, and yet, on the motion of the Hon. Gentleman, Mr. Jacks, others were adopted diametrically opposite. Mr. W. contended for the truth of the Resolutions, and quoted the assertion of the Speaker of the House of Commons, that Parliamentary traffic "would bring a greater scandal on Parliament and the nation than was ever known to exist." It was true, as Mr. Windham had said, that we were corrupt from top to bottom, and could never expect to do good till things were completely changed.—If the Court rescinded the Resolutions, they would thereby pass a censure on Colonel Wardle, and degrade themselves and their constituents.

Mr. KEMBLE disclaimed any such intention.—That Gentleman's motion was negatived by a large majority.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

MORNING DRESS.—A high morning robe of fine jaconet, or cambric muslin, buttoned from the throat to the feet; a high fluted collar, edged with lace, and clapsed in the centre with a topaz or other gem. A Chinese girdle and tassel confines the bottom of the waist, and is tied in front, so as to reach a little below the knee. A loose morning robe, or pelisse, of white muslin, green shawl print, or jubilee sarsnet, trimmed entirely round with a correspondent border. Silver filligree bracelets, with topaz studs. A matron mob, or cap of point lace, ornamented with shaded yellow or lemon-coloured ribbon. Gloves and slippers of lemon coloured kid.—Infant's robe, of yellow muslin, over a fine soft cambric shirt.

WALKING DRESS. A petticoat and Roman tunic of fine thin cambric, long sleeves, and high collar, interjoined and trimmed with lace; the tunic finished at the bottom with a border of fretwork. A jubilee cloak of bright amber velvet, or shaded gold-coloured sarsnet, trimmed entirely round with swansdown, and confined at the centre of the throat with a rich cord and tassels of blended silk and gold. The cottager's hat, of imperial coloured straw, tied simply under the chin with a white ribbon. Parasol, gloves, and shoes, of correspondent shades with the hat.

WESTMINSTER QUARTER SESSIONS.

A return of persons indicted by the Proprietors of Covent-garden Theatre:—

BAKER, GEORGE	True Bill.
BLACK, JOHN	Not found.
BLACKBURNE, WM.	Not found.
BURNEY, JOHN	Not found.
BRYAN, MICH.	True Bill.
BROWNE, JOHN	True Bill.
BURSLEM, J.	Not found.
COATS, WM.	Not found.
CORRY, THOMAS	Not found.
CHEEKE, ALEX.	Not found.
CRISP, JOHN	Not found.
CURVILLE, E.	Not found.
DUDFIELD, SAM. (Orator in the Pit	Not found.
DESMARDIEU, JOHN	Not found.
DWYER, WM.	True Bill.
EYRE, J.	Not found.
GURNEY, CHARLES	True Bill.
GOODEY, JOHN	Not found.
HILLHOUSE, WM.	True Bill.
HOOPER, J.	Not found.
JONES, WM. HANBURY	True Bill.
JOHNSON, JOHN	True Bill.
KENYON, R.	Not found.
LLOYD, W.	Not found.
POCOCK, THOMAS	Not found.
RAY, JOHN	Not found.
RANSON, ——	Not found.
REES, ——	Not found.
ROSE, ——	Not found.
ROSS, ALEX.	True Bill.
STALLARD, JOHN	True Bill.
SCOTT, THOMAS	True Bill.
SMITH, THOMAS SELLON	Not found.
SMITH, WM.	Not found.
SOANE, JOHN	Not found.
SAVAGE, WM.	Not found.
TURVILLE, CHARLES	True Bill.
VINEALL, ——	Not found.
WILLIS, JAMES	Not found.

WM. REDGRAVE did not answer.

Thrown out	26
Found	12
Undecided	2—41.

No indictment was preferred against the Penny-Rattle—Mary Austin. Several tremendous rattles and dustmen's bells were produced, to give the prosecution proper stage effect.—Amongst the forty-one Bills of Indictment present-

ed, not even a solitary instance is to be found in which the Grand Jury have returned a true bill for horn-blowing, rattle-springing, whistling, dancing, shouting, barking, or hissing. In every instance the bills were thrown out where the parties had been indicted on those charges. Twelve bills are found—but the cases are, almost all, either for *assaults*, or committing *damage* on the property of the House. The *Morning Post* in its account of these proceedings, observed, that a *great many* Bills were found, and a *few* thrown out. Now this is quite as false as its assertion that "every lane and alley in the metropolis exhibited a blaze of joy" on the late Jubilee; and it is also a falsehood that must be obvious even to its own readers.—To what a state of degradation will not a spirit of Party reduce a public print!

POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

On Saturday *Richard Wood* was brought up to this Office, charged with assaulting Mr. James Powell on the preceding Saturday, in the Pit of Covent-Garden Theatre.—The circumstances of this case are not a little curious: Mr. P. who is infirm from gout, stated, that on entering the Pit from the centre door, he was endeavouring to step over the last bench, when the prisoner suddenly approaching him, said "d—n your eyes, what do you want?" and immediately struck him in the face. Mr. P. kept his eye upon him during the remainder of the evening, so that he had a perfect recollection of the man; but could not learn his name or trace him out, until by accident, on Saturday morning, he recognized him at the Sessions House in Westminster, and instantly gave charge of him to an Officer. He said his name was Richard Wood, but the Officer, having no warrant, shortly after set him at liberty. A warrant was obtained in the evening, and the Officer immediately went into the Theatre, from whence he returned in less than five minutes with the prisoner, accompanied by *Mr. James Brandon* and *Mr. Barlow*. Before the charge was heard, Mr. Brandon addressed the Magistrate (Mr. GRAHAM.)—The tendency of his argument seemed to be designed to shew, that as the prisoner had been originally taken into custody without a warrant, the offence was not cognizable. This Mr. Brandon laboured with much earnestness, but the Magistrate, at once, decided, that being then under a warrant, the consideration of the previous proceeding was wholly irrelevant. The prisoner in his defence said, that he was sitting in the Pit in a very peaceable manner, when he was greatly disturbed by a noise and tumult excited by several persons near him, some of whom, in particular, went "bow, wow, wow, like a great mastiff dog; and so, says I, gem'men, if I was a gem'man like you, I would not bark like a dog, if I kept dogs, but I'd bring my dogs to bark; and then, please your Worship, the mob squeezed upon me; and one man put his foot upon me, and so I just moved my arms about in this manner, just to keep myself from being pushed down; but I never struck a bit at the gem'man—I might push him a *leetle* bit, but if I did, I'm sure I could not help it."

"An please your Worship," said a Carpenter, "I works for the House, and I was close by all the time, and it happened just as he says; he never struck him at all; not a bit. I saw the Gentleman, who had a great huge thick stick."—("*The cane I now hold in my hand*," *said Mr. Powell.*) "An please your Honour, it might be that, but it seemed a very large stick. I believe as how the Gem'man was pushed off the seat somehow or other; but there was a great row, and so your Lordship that was all."

Another carpenter then came forward, with pretty nearly the same account.

The prisoner stated himself to be a smith, and to live with a coach-maker, in a street not far from Russell-square.

Mr. Powell, on being asked how he could undertake to identify the prisoner in such a tumult, and recollect his countenance at the end of a week, stated, that he had watched him the whole evening, and was so perfectly satisfied, that he had no hesitation in swearing to him. The prisoner and his coadjutors all admitted their having seen the Ge'mman where he stated.

The Magistrate then delivered his opinion to the following effect:—"That amidst the tumult and confusion incident to a riot, it was extremely difficult, even where a blow was given, to identify the striker; and that, even could that be done, more difficult to ascertain the intent. If a man, who went to hear, as well as see, the performance at a Theatre, was annoyed by imitations of the barking of dogs, and other hideous noise, and pushed and pressed upon by surrounding disorderly, riotous persons, his situation became not only uncomfortable, but to remain in stillness might endanger his personal safety. Under such circumstances, it was, therefore, perfectly natural that he should move his arms about, from side to side, for the mere purpose of protection and self defence; and in so doing, might inadvertently push, or perhaps strike, another, though unintentionally. (Mr. Powell stated positively that the blow was a straight-forward blow, deliberately aimed at him.) The Magistrate stated, that, under all the circumstances of the case, and considering that it was Saturday night, he could not think of holding the prisoner to bail. Mr. Powell knew where to find him; he would be forthcoming whenever called for, and Mr. Powell might take his remedy.—This charge was thus dismissed.

[This case is a luminous exposition of the conduct used towards the Public by the Proprietors of this Theatre. Here is a *journeyman blacksmith* can find both time and money nightly to visit the Pit of Covent-Garden Theatre—a peaceable, quiet, harmless creature, who goes to hear and see the performance, and knocks people down, merely by the natural motion of his arms in his necessary struggle to protect himself against a mob—innocent soul! He has nothing to do with the Theatre, not he, a mere harmless spectator! Now, let us see where he is first seen after the assault—at the Sessions House in Westminster, in attendance as a principal witness against the mob, the rioters in the Pit. This simple, unoffending, harmless creature, happened to be continually annoyed by rioters. Where is he found after the warrant is granted? Hard by, in the Pit of the Theatre, is this lover of the Drama found, as harmless as ever. By whom is this same blacksmith accompanied to the office? By his dear friend and associate, the Professor Brandon, who acts as Counsel for the hero of the anvil, and the ci-devant Treasurer of Covent-Garden, Mr. Barlow. Who perform the parts of witnesses?—two journeymen carpenters in the employment of the Proprietors. All this is truly consistent. A spirit of forbearance and mildness in the administration of justice by a Magistrate at all times merits and insures applause; but it is impossible to refrain from expressing our deep regret, that the tenderness and forbearance displayed in the case of the knight of the anvil had not been displayed in the numerous cases of those individuals who, on the oaths of Jews, bullies, bruisers, ruffians, and professors, have, even on Saturday nights, been committed for want of bail to Tothill-fields Bridewell—to which, be it remembered, a helpless young female, Mary Austin, was committed for springing a penny rattle—that young woman found no mercy, though the case of a blacksmith, who attends in the two-fold character of ruffian and witness, is dismissed on disclosing his abode. And be it further remembered, that after incarcerating Mary Austin amongst rogues and vagabonds, in a common jail, the Proprietors have not dared to present an indictment against that oppressed victim!!]

On Tuesday *Mr. Ridley*, of Compton-street, Soho, was taken out of Covent-Garden Theatre, for his conduct during the performance of *The Exile* on that evening.

Question by Mr. READ (to *Mr. Brandon*)—What have you to say about the conduct of the person before me?—Brandon. Why, Sir, I was looking through one of the glasses of one of the Box-doors, and saw the prisoner sitting in the Pit WITH HIS HAT ON, and O. P. IN HIS HAT.

Mr. READ.—Was he doing any thing else? was he making

any noise?—Brandon. Why, Sir, he was sitting in the Pit with his hat on, and wishing to make a disturbance.

Mr. READ.—Did he make any noise, and what kind of disturbance?—Brandon. Why, Sir, he did in different ways, such as clapping, and acting in a way which I pronounce to be very improper, and he was clapping and applauding more than I think he ought to do. It was not a new play, it was an "old piece," and he behaved in such a way, I was told by several Gentlemen, that they wished him to be turned out. In fact, I can assure you it was the wish of every person in the Theatre that he should be taken out of the house.

Mr. Brandon's deposition read to him by the Clerk, and Mr. Brandon about to take the oath.

Mr. RIDLEY requested a person who stood between him and Brandon to stand a-side, that he might see Mr. Brandon kiss the book; and Brandon replied angrily, "Oh you shall see," and twice smacked the book with his lips most loudly.

Mr. RIDLEY.—Mr. Brandon, I know your prowess in that way.

Mr. READ.—Are there any of the *Gentlemen* you mentioned here?—Brandon. Why, yes, Sir, here is Mr. ——, and a lad, who noticed his conduct.

Mr. —— sworn.—I saw the prisoner with O. P. in his hat.

Mr. READ.—Did you hear him make any noise?—Mr. ——, No, Sir, I did not. I was near enough to SEE THE O. P. BUT NOT NEAR ENOUGH TO HEAR THE NOISE HE MADE.

Second *Gentleman* (with silk handkerchief about his neck)—called by Mr. Brandon.

MAGISTRATE.—What are you?—A. I am a journeyman paper-hanger, and live in Hart-street.

MAGISTRATE.—What did you see?—A. I saw the prisoner with O. P. in his hat, and saw him blow a penny or two-penny trumpet.

Deposition read to him (about to swear.)

Mr. RIDLEY (to Clerk and Magistrate)—"Please to take *all* he said. You have only stated that he saw me BLOW A TRUMPET: he described the sort of trumpet I blowed.

(The Clerk looked at the Magistrate, and it was agreed to amend deposition.)

Mr. RIDLEY.—Now that is correct: it was necessary to have the particulars, or it might have been supposed I used a trumpet as large as Schmidt's, the trumpeter in the orchestra.

MAGISTRATE.—What have you to say to this charge?

Mr. RIDLEY.—Sir, I am an Englishmen, and have the rights of an Englishman. I was in the Pit with O. P. in my hat, and I will go again to the Theatre with O. P. in my hat to-morrow night; but if I thought the going there with those letters in my hat was illegal, I should not go.

MAGISTRATE.—Take down what he says: he admits the having O. P. in his hat.—[Clerk writes, but merely stated the admission that he went with O. P. &c.]

Mr. RIDLEY.—I insist on all I said being entered in the book: let's have no garbled accounts. I said, that if I thought the going to the Theatre with O. P. was illegal, I would not commit an illegal act.—[Clerk writes on as ordered by Mr. Ridley.]

MAGISTRATE.—But, Sir, I tell you that it is illegal; and if you say you will go again to-morrow night, I shall hold you to bail.

Mr. RIDLEY (to Mr. READ)—I assure you, Sir, that I shall not make any pledge not to go—I thought, when I went to the Theatre, I had a right to have O. P. in my hat, if I chose; and you have not said any thing to convince me I have acted illegally, and I shall go—if I do wrong I am amenable to the laws of my country. There is a higher power than this—the Court of King's Bench.

MAGISTRATE.—I know that. Mr. Ridley, you must find bail.

[Mr. Ridley, during the examination, addressing the theatrical prosecutor, left out Mr. and merely called him Brandon, at which he was very indignant, and desired Mr. Ridley not to Brandon him. Mr. Ridley—"You are branded enough already."]

Mr. Ridley, when the business was concluded, told the Magistrate he had paid his money, and he expected to be passed into the Theatre.

Mr. READ.—"I can give no *orders*."

Mr. RIDLEY.—Then where is Brandon: I am sure he gives plenty of orders.

Mr. Ridley was held to bail, himself in 40*l.* and two sureties in 20*l.* each.—[In less than an hour Mr. Ridley, returning from his temporary exile, again appeared in the Pit, where he was immediately recognized, and was hailed with three cheers.]

The O. P. "initials hateful," shone conspicuously in the fronts of several hats in the Pit of Covent-Garden Theatre, on Tuesday evening, and on the company leaving the Theatre five Gentlemen, wearing these badges of "insubordination," were seized and dragged to the Police-Office, in Bow-street, where, to the utter astonishment of the polished domestics of that Temple of Justice, the first person recognized was—*Mr. Clifford, the Barrister!* The paws of the catch-poles dropped, as if by instinct, on the recognition—and the "insubordinates" were left almost in solitude in the vestibulum of the Temple. Mr. Clifford, however, insisted on going before the Magistrate, to whom, on admission, he shewed the letters in his hat, which he acknowledged to have worn, and demanded if that act was deemed an offence, for which a British subject might be deprived of liberty?

Mr. READ required the charge, which the public accuser, Brandon, accordingly made—the displaying the initials O. P.

On being interrogated, if that was the whole of the charge, he added that Mr. Clifford had also made a noise. This that Gentleman distinctly and positively denied; and the Professor declined a confirmation by oath of that part of his charge.

Mr. CLIFFORD then stated, that he had placed O. P. in his hat for the purpose of trying the question, and ascertaining whether the Magistrate would consider that act as an offence which would warrant the holding the offender to bail.

Mr. READ said, that there was no charge against *him*, and that *he* was discharged.

Of the other Gentleman accused of this crime no notice was taken.—[An immense multitude was assembled before the Office, and on Mr. Clifford's re-appearance, he was received with an universal shout. He recommended to every one peace, good order, and their immediate dispersion. By this incident the public will be exempted from the future molestation of the Theatrical Alguazils of Covent-Garden, who, we venture to presume, will prudently abstain from noticing the letters O. P. whether in a hat, or on a watch ribbon.]

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

On Saturday, as Mr. Storey, of Croydon, was returning from town in his chaise, accompanied by one of his children, the horse took fright, in the lane leading from North-end to the Old Town, Croydon, and in checking him the reins broke; when the horse, which was young, and driven by Mr. S. for the first time in harness, sat off full speed, and in order to extricate themselves from their perilous situation, they jumped out of the chaise. The son escaped with little injury; but the father unfortunately fell with his head on a stone, and fractured his skull in so shocking a manner, that he only survived about three hours. Mr. S. has left a widow and seven children.

Saturday week, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, as Mr. Brooks, timber-merchant, of Castle-street, Holborn, was returning to town in a one-horse chaise, accompanied by Mrs. Brooks and son, a boy about twelve years old, on arriving at Pimlico turnpike-gate, the turnpike-gate man demanded the toll. Mr. Brooks said he must have recollected him going through that morning; the man then demanded the ticket. Mr. B. said the ticket was in his great-coat pocket, and that was underneath in the seat of the chaise, and would give him a great deal of trouble to get at it, but that the letter for the day was *y*. The man immediately seized the horse by the reins, and insisted on his demand. Mrs. B. instantly pulled out a shilling to pay, but Mr. B. would not permit her, observing that he never would countenance an imposition; the

turnpike-man then struck the horse, and began backing him, so as to admit of two brewer's drays out of three to pass, the gate being open, and on the third dray advancing, and the man still backing Mr. B.'s horse, the wheel of the dray came in contact with the chaise and upset it, and likewise threw down Mr. B.'s horse. Mr. B. was pitched out at once side, Mrs. B. at the other, and the boy was pitched forward, and fell underneath the horse; Mr. B. was slightly hurt, but Mrs. B. received a severe contusion on the back part of her head; the boy was taken up in a senseless state, and was, with Mrs. B. conveyed to a chemist's near the gate. The boy's life is despaired of.

An indictment for perjury has been found against Miss Latham, who lately preferred a serious charge against a Gentleman for an assault at Worthing.

SUICIDE.—Tuesday night an Inquest was held at the Bull and Mouth Inn, before T. Sheldon, Esq. Coroner, on the body of the Rev. Dr. G. Glasse, late Rector of Hanwell, who strangled himself in his apartment at the inn, the preceding night.

Sarah Horn, the chambermaid, said, that about five o'clock on Tuesday morning, she went to call the deceased; when she opened the door of his apartment, a candle was burning, and she saw him lying on the floor, with his clothes off, near the foot of the bed; she did not know that he was dead, but felt alarmed, and immediately called up the book-keeper, who found the deceased hanging to the bed-post.

Anne Horn was called about nine o'clock on Monday evening to attend the deceased; she found him sitting in the coffee-room, near the fire; he asked for a bed, and the witness told him he might sleep in a double-bedded room, to which he objected unless he had the room to himself: she then lighted him up stairs to his room, and left him. About half an hour after this, a gentleman came and inquired for the deceased, and was shewn to the room where the deceased slept. He was then in bed; witness saw him stretch out his hand and shake hands with the gentleman, after which she left them together; twenty minutes after, the witness met the gentleman coming down stairs from the deceased, with a candle in his hand.

Samuel Dowker, the book-keeper, said, that about a quarter before five o'clock on Tuesday, he was called by the chambermaid, to go into the room where the deceased had been put to bed. On entering the room, he found the deceased lying on his belly at the foot of the bed; a napkin was tied round his neck, and his head was suspended from the bed-post, about half a yard from the floor; the deceased was cold, and quite dead. The witness was without a knife in his pocket, and he called up one of the helpers belonging to the stable, who cut the napkin; witness sent for a surgeon, but his assistance was of no avail. The deceased had mentioned to the witness, before he went to bed, that he intended to go by the Liverpool coach; but he afterwards said he would go by the Glasgow coach in the morning.

Mr. Star, the Surgeon, found the deceased lying on his belly, quite dead; he had tied his white cambric handkerchief to a towel, and fastened the same with a noose round his neck, fixing the knot under his left ear. He examined the body and found every appearance of strangulation, and was satisfied the deceased had been strangled; witness conceived that the deceased, who was a corpulent man, had remained on his knees at the lower part of the bed, until he had suspended himself from the bed-post, when he fell, and by his struggles had accelerated his death.

Mr. Loden, Solicitor, of Gray's-Inn-square, deposed, that he conducted the affairs of the deceased; saw him about eleven o'clock on Monday morning, at the house of Dr. Hume, in Lower Grosvenor-street. The deceased was then in a state of mental derangement, occasioned by the embarrassed state of his affairs—he was considered in so dangerous a state, that Dr. Hume and the witness thought it was dangerous to leave him by himself. In the evening witness called on Dr. G. at the Bull and Mouth, with several letters which he had received. He was shewn into the room where he slept, and read the letters to him. In consequence of these letters, witness advised Dr. G. not to go to Scotland, and told him he might remain concealed from the bailiffs in London. Witness then left him, as he appeared more calm and composed than he had been during the day. The witness had known Doctor Glasse 16 years, during which Doctor Glasse had ruined a fine fortune. The witness had no doubt of his insanity. He had frequently exclaimed, Take me to prison! I have ruined my family! O, my wife and children! with many other expressions, which left no doubt of the deranged state of his intellects.—Dr. Glasse had been appointed Chaplain to the Lord Mayor Elect, and witness understood Dr. Glasse had written a strange letter to a City Officer, in which he said he was compelled to become an exile.

John Knapp, waiter, deposed that the deceased appeared much agitated when he came into the Coffee-room. His hand shook, and he rushed out, while he was taking refreshment, to speak to the Clerk in the Coach-office. The witness thought the deceased was mad, and made an observation to that effect, to one of his fellow-servants.

The Coroner left it to the Jury to say whether the deceased was of insane mind when he destroyed himself. The Jury immediately returned their verdict—*Insanity.*

MARRIAGES.

Lately, at Worthing, P. Powell, Esq. of Kensington, to Miss Calcott, eldest daughter of the celebrated Dr. Calcott.

DEATHS.

On Monday, in Piccadilly, his Grace the Duke of Portland.—Although this Nobleman has for some time been considered in a very dangerous state, his immediate dissolution was not apprehended by the Faculty. The excruciating and increased pain which his Grace had lately endured, induced him to submit to the operation of Lithotomy, and a stone of considerable size being successfully extracted, the recovery of his Grace was looked upon as being likely to be impeded only by his advanced age. But not long after the operation, his Grace was attacked by Epilepsy, which, after a faint struggle, terminated his existence, in the afternoon of Monday, at Burlington-house.—The Duke is succeeded by his son, the late Marquis of Titchfield, now Duke of Portland. His political life is so well known to our readers, that it is needless to enter into any detail of it. His Grace was Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, Keeper of Sherwood Forest and Folewood Park, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, High Steward of Bristol, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, a Governor of the Charter House, and a Family Trustee of the British Museum; he was also a Knight of the Garter. The Duke was in the 72d year of his age.—His Grace was born April 14, 1738; he succeeded his father, William, the late Duke, May 1, 1762; and on the 8th November, 1766, he married Dorothy, daughter to William, the fourth Duke of Devonshire, by whom, who died in 1794, he had issue, William Henry Cavendish Scott Bentinck, the present Duke, born 24th June, 1768; William Henry Cavendish, born 14th September, 1774, a Major-General in the Army, and late Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies; Charlotte, born 3d October, 1775, married to Charles Greville, Esq.; Mary, born 13th March, 1778; Charles, a Lieutenant Colonel in the army, and a Captain in the Foot Guards; and Frederick Cavendish, born 2d November, 1781, also a Lieutenant Colonel in the army, and a Captain in the 1st Foot Guards.—His Grace's titles were, Duke of Portland, Marquis of Titchfield, Earl of Portland, Viscount Woodstock, Baron of Cirencester.

Lately, at Woolwich, aged 102, W. Anderson, Esq. who had been upwards of 80 years in the Royal Train of Artillery.

Thursday se'nnight, at the advanced age of 91 years, Mrs. Killigrew, widow of the late Mr. T. G. Killigrew, wine-merchant, of Bristol.

On the 3d inst. aged 45, Mr. G. M. Woodward, the caricaturist.

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